

Beaver College News

Vol. 5

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1930

No. 4

JOURNALISM CLASS VISIT INQUIRER

Conduct of Students Complimented by Many

Mr. Whitcraft, Journalism teacher at Beaver College, conducted a tour through the Inquirer plant on Wednesday evening, January 29. The story of the trip is vividly described by one of the members of the class. The girls have received many compliments upon their conduct and interest during their visit there.

The newspaper industry surpasses all other businesses in interest, fascination, accuracy, and human achievement. The first story see the light in the City room, where the greatest amount of actual Journalistic work is done. Although this room is a good illustration of a hub-bub of noise, everyone within its walls is very busy. The city editor sitting at the desk in the center of the large room answers two or three telephones simultaneously, makes emergency assignments to any reporter chancing to be present, scolds those who have irritated him, and grins good-naturedly in the end. On his desk is a huge book in which the assignments of that certain day are entered with the names of the men sent to "cover" a given event. Dates and notes of affair which are to take place are kept in the "future files," until the set day. If this assignment book were read page after page, its broken incidents would weave the threads of many a romantic story. But the newspaper men and women have no time to think about such things; their material must be put in shape before "dead line." This means that no news for the first morning edition, or the "bull-dog" edition, will be accepted after 8 o'clock, for instance, the preceding evening. If a reporter realizes that he has not time to get his news to the office, he telephones or telegraphs. The rewrite man takes the brief facts and writes up the story. Another swift method of news communication is the Associated Press System. Sending centers are located in the certain sections of the country: New York covers the East, Chicago, the central section, and a western city covers the western areas. A reporter in New York, for instance, types a special story on an automatic machine there. The story registers at exactly the same time on machines in newspaper offices all over the eastern part of the United States. On the other hand, the reporter returning on time with his story gets to a typewriter and pounds out his write-up. After the editor has determined its worth, he hands it to the proof-reader, who splits it into paragraphs and corrects the errors. The length of each article is checked up with the space allotted to it on the "dummy," which is a carefully outlined sheet of a single page of the final issue; there are as many of these dummies as there are to be pages. The copy is given to one of the men at the horse-shoe table at one end of the room. These men are expert head-line writers, who read over the copy, pick out the main issues, and put them into the form of a striking headline. After passing through these steps, all material goes back to the city editor's desk, from which it is sent to the next department.

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JUNIOR PROMENADE DRAWS NEAR

Decorations and Setting Represent Collegiate Travelogue

Kay Crouse Working Hard to Perfect Plans

On Friday evening, February 21, the greatest, most exciting event of the school year will take place in the gymnasium of Murphy Hall, Grey Towers Campus. If you haven't already guessed it, it's the Annual Promenade which will be held from 9 P. M. until 2 A. M.

The committee in charge, headed by Miss Kay Crouse, is fast securing new and different means of entertaining the students and their guests this year.

The order of the dances will be different from that of previous Proms. They will be in the novelty form of an Itinerary Prom Trotter, with twelve or more colleges represented. The Purple and Gold Orchestra, a smooth and peppy band will prove their ability to furnish music.

The favors, pocketbooks and attractive book-ends will be secured through a stub attached to the ticket.

The Tea Dance will be held Saturday afternoon, February 22, from 3 until 6. This is to be given in the gymnasium of the Beechwood Hills Campus, where the Sky-Top Highlanders will provide the music for dancing.

In the evening, a colored orchestra will serve it up to you as you like it, if you do not care to see the movies in the chapel.

This is the biggest event in our school careers, so come on every one of you! Support this affair and you will never regret it.

Consult the next issue for more details.

SUNDAY NIGHT CHAPEL SERVICES ATTRACT INTERESTING SPEAKERS

Rev. Gavin Walker, D. D. Lectures on "Wisdom"

On Sunday evening, January 26, 1930, the Reverend Gavin Walker, D. D. pastor of the First Baptist Church of Bryn Mawr was our visiting speaker. "Wisdom" was the subject of his inspiring talk. The serious message was imparted in a most inimitable manner.

Miss Gavina Walker, daughter of Dr. Walker and a student here was the soloist of the evening.

We also had the pleasure of hearing The Reverend Curry address us the previous Sunday evening and his son entertained us at the console Wednesday, January 22.

VARSITY TEAM SHOWS FORM

Has Only One Defeat to Date

Beaver's Varsity Basketball Team is composed of wonderful material. All the praise that can be given her is well deserved. Helen Hall, Captain, and her sister, Flo, are working together in fine form. Their playing is consistent and exciting. Cloda Mick plays exceptionally well as jump center. Watts, Barr and Shafer make up the rest of the team. Watts plays a hard game and appears tireless.

Following is the schedule and the results of the games already played:

Varsity vs. Faculty, Jan. 9. 63-10.
Varsity vs. Panzer, Jan. 11. 38-28.
Varsity vs. Moravian, Jan. 16. 29-14.
Varsity vs. Gettysburg Jan. 17. 45-16.
Stroudsburg vs. Varsity, Jan. 18. 34-31.
Varsity vs. Drexel, Jan. 30. 15-14.

MRS. ZURBUCHEN ENTERTAINS

Retiring Officers Have Enjoyable Evening

On January 22, 1930, Mrs. Zurbuchen entertained the retiring House Presidents, as well as the Student Government Board at a small affair held in the Sun Parlor.

Luncheon was served later in the evening. The girls all agreed that Mrs. Zurbuchen makes a charming hostess.

We Nominate for

OUR HALL OF FAME

Miss Helen Hall, Captain of Basketball.

Miss Janet Muir, Secretary of Student Board.

FRESHMEN GIVE TEA FOR SENIORS

Reception Held in Drawing Room of Grey Towers

On Thursday, February 6th, the Freshmen entertained the Seniors at a tea in the drawing room of Grey Towers. This is the first of a series of entertainments for the Seniors to be given by the undergraduates.

The Freshmen wore their green berets, which is a new custom started by the Class of '33.

MANY GIRLS MOURN PASSING OF SUSIE

Saddened by Death of Husband, She Follows in His Wake

A Stranger Mentioned in Will to Take Her Place

Susie Snipkins has left left us. She could no longer bear the pain of Mr. Simper's death and she too has passed on.

A strange person mentioned in Susie's will has been delegated to take her place. Who is this woman? Perhaps we shall find out. Let us read her message.

Hello, everybody. Do you know who I am? Well, I know you. The fact is, I knew you when. Listen to this if you don't believe me. I know for example that:

Ada Bahner and Ginny Kackel are taking Jean Richardson home with them. Ada has an interest (6ft.) at Bucknell and Jean is going to join her in the Big Parade to the Sigma Chi house.

E. Summerill very coyly informs me that of course she is going home. When asked, "What to do?" she looks quite the surprised maiden and answers, "Why, to see Jack." It seems Jack has been down South. We wonder if he is coming back to cool off.

It seems that Lehigh will be the place for the Beaver girls to recuperate after their semester exams.

Another college getting ready to welcome our girls is none other than Gettysburg. A Dicker and L. Kaylor are attending the Junior Prom, Dickey going Sigma Chi, while Kaylor is Phi Delta.

In stopping A. Roof to ask her where she was going, she answered, "I certainly know—," meaning that she will probably be in Philadelphia.

When a week-end comes along, most girls rush to get out of town. Marcia McKinney is being different and is stopping in Jenkintown between semesters and the reason is about 6 ft tall, dark and handsome; answers to the name of "Frosty." We hope he does not live up to his name. Christane, her sister is spending the week-end with M. Schartz.

Marcia Williams is going to her home in Long Island. When asked whether she expected to see Chick or King, she said slyly, "No." Like a true sailor she seems to have one at every port; or is it two?

I La Counte states that she is to spend the vacation at home. In Feb. she is to attend the Junior Prom at Rutgers with Al. She has consented most charmingly to submit his precious picture to us for publication in our next issue. Watch the front page for more particulars!

A number of our girls are leaving this semester. G. Hook says she will be glad to get home but sorry to leave school. May we depend on that? Grace took her fortune-telling seriously and is no doubt rushing home to prepare her trousseau. A. Swain is bound for the sunny clime of California. Oh, you lucky Army! H. Randolph is entering Columbia. V. Blachly is going, too. We shall miss her as much as she professes to miss us—and a certain little dog which prowls around school. We must convey our farewells, too, to R. Fanton and E. Smith.

Undecided P. Parry may find herself either at home or at Cedar

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

WELCOME TO THE NEW STUDENTS

Through the medium of this paper the entire student body takes great pleasure in saluting the new girls who are now entering, with one long, rousing cheer.

We hope that you will be happy in your new home, and, remember, we intend to keep you so.

Much success for the year.

Beaver College News

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Editor-in-Chief	-	-	FLORENCE ENGELMAN
News	-	-	MABEL APGAR AND MARY HARRISON
Special Feature Column	-	-	BEATRICE BINNEY
Social News	-	-	MILDRED LANZARA
Literary	-	-	MEREDITH STEELMAN
Jokes	-	-	DOROTHY PRICE
Business Manager	-	-	BETTY PIERRPONT
Grey Towers News	-	-	BETTY WELLBAUM

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1930

FRIENDSHIP

Dedicated to Those who Have to Take It Lightly

"I am! yet what I am who cares,
or knows?
My friends forsake me like a mem-
ory lost.
I am the self-consumer of my
woes;
They rise and vanish, an oblivious
host,
Shadows of lies, whose very soul
is lost.
And yet I am—I live—though I am
toss'd,

Into the nothingness of scorn and
noise
Into the living sea of waking
dream,
Where there is neither sense of life,
nor joys
But the huge ship-wrecks of my
own esteem
And all that's dear. Even those I
loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger
than the rest."

It is indeed difficult for most of
us to express our feelings verbally,
to assure those we love of our sin-
cerity. Yet most people are not
satisfied unless they possess, well,
let us say, a legal document testifi-
ying that: "I—do hereby affirm
that—," and so on. It is in the
heart and in the soul of a true
friend that honest love and friend-
ship lies. And there also is that
great warmth of spirit which is
kindled by the first sharp thrill of
anticipation and excitement when
an image of that friend is called
to mind.

We all have acquaintances, com-
panions of some sort or another
when we unthinkingly term as our
friends. But that is not so. The
word in that case is a convenience,
a misnomer. Friendship entails love
and sacrifice. What greater things
than these exist in the world today?
Friendship can bring together two
people, regardless of similarity in
character, age, sex or anything
else, to see the soul in each other,
to understand silently the emotions,

thoughts, feelings and hopes in
each, to recognize, in short, the God
that exists deeply embedded in the
hearts of these two. That is affinity
—that is perfect friendship!

Every man seeks that friendship,
and every woman. In spite of our
strength or our selfishness, in spite
of our family, in spite of our hopes
and ambitions, in spite of our pride,
we must have someone to whom
we can cling. We must have some-
one who will turn to us. And so
we go on ever seeking. We pause
on our way frequently, convinced
that we have found that one but
we remember too late that all that
glitters is not gold. We have been
taken in by "fascinating glitter"
that only covered the surface. We
do not learn readily by such experi-
ence. We demand so eagerly this
someone that we are blinded by
appearance and find ourselves in-
capable of delving below the sur-
face to see for ourselves.

It is quite true that many of us
who seek are dreamers. We have
no firmness with which to bind
together our friendships. We have
merely a soft tenderness, affection,
sincerity, and other qualities that
make for this affinity. When we
meet we offer a spineless mass and
declare: "This is what I shall give
you" We pose and strut and are
not natural. The whole proposition
is a failure.

We say, then, than Truth and
Tenderness go to make up friend-
ship. And love. It is a rare luxury
that two people find at some time
and in which they indulge peace-
fully and contentedly. It is a life.
Nothing is as great as friendship.
But the more we demand the hard-
er it is to find. We must give
friendship before we take it. And
when we find it,—if we do, we must
be ready to accept it, for friend-
ship is entire, complete and almost
overpowering. It demands contin-
ually and consistently of what we
have. We must keep on giving. It
is worth the price, however most
of us must go on seeking this
friendship. Some of us will seek
and find and not recognize. A few
of us who are great enough, will
find.

Journalism Class Visits Inquirer

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

This department is the compos-
ing room. Here the copy cutter
makes "takes" of each item and
numbers them. They are then hung
up in order ready for the operators
of the linotype machines to follow.
The operators of these huge ma-
chines type the individual char-
acters and letters into a compart-
ment which holds type in place side
by side and line after line. When
he had completed the entire article,
he carefully picks out the type and
carries it to the type-setting room.
It is put in the galley, or metal
trough arrangement and errors
corrected. Proofs are sent to the
City editor, make-up editor, and
any one else who must have one.
Then the type is put in the spaces
laid out for it in the frames, or
chases. There are still spaces in the
frames for pictures, drawings and
sketches.

The pictures and sketches are
made in the illustrating depart-
ment. The members of this depart-

ment are artists, cartoonists, and
draftsmen. When the sketches are
made on the original paper, the
next man in line measures them
and cuts them the proper size.
Another man arranges them on the
dummies before him. A newspaper
having a full page of comics has a
separate cartooning room where
these processes are carried out
under separate cover. In the car-
tooning room are tintograph ma-
chines which are used to secure the
color schemes.

Belonging to the illustrating de-
partment is also the photography
room. In this room are large
cameras used to photograph the
drawings, sketches and original
protographs. Very powerful arc
lights are turned on. The drawings
and sketches are line-cut and use
the full power of light; while the
pictures require only half-tone.
When removed from the camera,
the negative is found to be of
sensitized zinc. Dragon's blood dust,
a red powder, is sprinkled evenly
over each negative plate and baked
on. The holes between the dots on
the plate catch the red dust. Then
the plate is submerged in an acid

solution, which etches away the
uncovered metal. The dots, there-
fore, do the actual printing later.
In the case of cartoons, the colored
material is put on by the press. The
picture plates are taken to the
type-setting room where they are
fitted in with the printing matter.
When each form is completely filled
it is ready for the matrix process.

Heavy sheets of fibrous paper the
size of a page, each called a
matrix, are put on the forms. A
layer of cork is put on each form
and an eight ton pressure put on
the cork. The raised type is thus
mashed into the mat. The mat is
next clamped in a molding machine
which is cylindrical in form. A lever
is pulled allowing molten metal to
run through the enclosed spout on
the mat inside. The metal fits into
the dents of the mat. Cold water
circulating through the jacket
around the mold cools the metal as
soon as it has covered the mat. The
mold is unclamped and the matrix
and solid semi-circular plate re-
moved.

Rolls and rolls of material are
printed, cut, and folded with almost
incredible speed. The plates are
put on the cylinders of the press
as many plates wide as the paper
running over the press is wide. The
paper is put on in a way that it
will strike the different cylinders
and be printed on both sides. This
is called "threading the press." At
the end of the press the printed
sheet as it comes along is cut in
half by a very keen-edged circular
saw. The half-length rolls are
gradually folded by an iron bar
which slants inward. As the folded
strips run over the cylinders, one
on each side taking care of each
half-length roll, a knife the width
of the cylinder cuts the strips into
pages. Near the very bottom of the
floor are two rollers which fold each
double paper in half. The folded
papers, constituting the outer pages
of the entire newspaper are trans-
ported up from the press in wire
carriers, across the room, and down
to the floor on the other side. A
packer stands here and takes the
papers from the carrier. He puts
them in piles on the moving belt at
his side. The belt carries the piles
to the fillers, who insert the inside
sections. The whole copies continue
on their way to the mappers, who
wrap the copies in their addressed
wrappers to be sent out immedi-
ately to regular subscribers.

It is but a matter of seconds be-
fore the remaining issues are in the
newsstands or in the arms of the
newsboys. The majority of those
who hurriedly exchange two or
three cents for a copy of their
favorite newspaper little realize the
extent of human endeavor and
achievement represented by that
small purchase.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Arline Johnson is back at
Beaver and is ready to complete
her work leading to her degree.

Miss "Tommy" Thomas is also
back for the same purpose.

Miss Dorothy Mertz and Miss Ida
Hughes were visiting here last
week. They were the guests of
Miss Roberta Polhamus.

Miss Althea Carlucci is teaching
at the Central High School in
Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Miss Pat Allsopp was married
Saturday, February 8, 1930. Many
Beaver girls were present at the
wedding.

Miss Elaine Corlies was married
a short while ago and according
to all reports, is of course, very
happy.

YOUR WHISPERED SECRET

By Edwin Markham

You told it to your friend; his oath
was deep;
Well here's a question for your
wisdom-shelf:
Why do you hope some other one
will keep
The secret that you cannot keep
yourself?

VOX POP

Dear Pop:

You know I want to tell you
something. Have you noticed the
improvement in the meals lately?
Well, personally I think they are
lots better, and so do several of
my friends. Especially the dinner
we had last Sunday. It was simply
marvelous. Here's hoping they con-
tinue.

Satisfied

Dear Vox Pop:

What is wrong with the Beaver
College News? It is pretty awful
sometimes. Whose fault is it, any-
way? So much happens that never
gets in the paper. Parties and cele-
brations of all kinds are scarcely
ever written up. Is it because you
don't hear about these things? If
that's it, I'll send in notices of
every thing that goes on that I
hear about.

Helpful

Dear Vox Pop:

Are you going to murder me if I
make a suggestion? Well, maybe
you will but I have to say some-
thing. It is this: Don't you think
that there would be a lot more col-
lege spirit here if the girls stayed
here over the week-ends. I've never
seen a school where so many of
the girls went away.

Lonsome

YOUR BEAVER AND MINE

By Beatrice Binney

Biggest Laughs of the
first Semester

Ruth Fanton singing "Why Was
I Born."

Eleanor Smith sleigh riding down
the campus with an unknown
admirer of youthful and tender
years and both landing up a tree.

Maide Ward wandering around
the campus after dark with a dis-
appointing letter.

Bill McCormick expressing the
hope to meet some cute people on
the subway in New York. (These
rube Pennsylvanians).

The New Yorker which is an
education in Cosmopolitanism to
Philadelphians who are groggy
about their Independence Hall.

Kay Spratt's quaint little nick-
names for people about school.

Franny Walker's gray felt hat.

Sheppie's north woodsman shoes

Sis Beaman imitating the Alber-
tina Rasch girls

Bates teaching these old North-
erners the shag.

The Freshmen berets and the
rules that go with them

Some of our rules.

Madline Williams pasting pic-
tures and singing nursery rhymes.

Estelle.

B. Binney who thinks she is
pretty hot on this column and like
unto the antics of a certain Judge
Junior.

Dear Miss Faxfair:

Miss Faxfair, I am a college girl,
five feet eleven inches tall and
weigh 200 lbs. I have rosy cheeks
and red hair. My friends say I am
pretty. Why don't I have any
gentlemen friends? Can it be that
I'm too intelligent?

Desperately, Babs.

Ans.

My dear Babs:

Yes my dear, I am a real person
and I do answer my reader's ques-
tions. I would advise you to stick
to books. Give the world something
bigger and better.

Dear Miss Faxfair:

I have learned to play the piano
in 20 lessons and astounded my
friends because I can speak French
in the easy way. I took a Corres-
pondence Course and now make my
own clothes but I'm still ignored
indoors as well as outdoors. What
is wrong with me?

X Y Z

Ans.

The same advice I gave your
father—"Listerine."

LITERARY PAGE

THE INDIAN BOWL

Years ago in a certain section of the quiet everglades of eastern New Jersey, two Indian tribes had settled. The Powhatans had their village on one side of a pure stream; while the Mohegans lived prosperously on their chosen site further along the creek on the opposite side. Although these two tribes were not fiercely hostile, there was no praise of the Mohegans on the lips of their neighbors; nor did the Powhatans congratulate the Mohegans on any accomplishment of theirs.

Many moons came and went however, and the restless spirit of youth sought adventure as the boring days grew heavy on their hands. The son of the chief of the Mohegans was admired because of his bravery in the occasional hour of defense. The Mohegans were happy and relieved to know that such a dependable and worthy lad belonged to them. They did not know that Niwara had given the bravest, most precious part of himself to a daughter of the Powhatans, named Ranawah.

Ranawahs people know of her love for the splendid Mohegan boy. They too realized his worth and had no objections to his wooing Ranawah. They had reason for their satisfaction.

Among the agreements, which had been drawn up between the two tribes years ago, was one dealing with the intermingling of their young folks. Since it was inevitable that the boys and girls would seek the companionship across the stream, something had to be done to prevent, in case of marriage, every one of their daughters from being forced to accept, as her own, her husband's tribe. Every third young man who married a maiden of the opposite tribe must accept his wife's tribe as his own and sever all important connections with his own. The Powhatans realized that, if no other cases sprang up in the meantime, Niwara would be the third one.

The time came, however, when the Mohegans must be told about Niwara's and Ranawahs love dreams. The ceremony of asking for the maiden's hand and of being accepted had been performed this night. Niwara had tied a splendid horse, the lover's offering to the maiden's father, to a tree in front of the chief's wigwam. The chief had shown his approval of the lad by untying the horse and putting him with the other horses in his corral. There remained nothing more for the lover to do than take his sweetheart to his own tribe with the news.

The heads of the Mohegans would not give their consent, for it meant losing without complaint a great warrior of their tribe. True, the young people might be married, anyway without this consent. Yet, as Niwara explained the situation to the Powhatans, warfare and tragedy between the two tribes would certainly result.

To Ranawah he said earnestly—"We do love each other just as steadfastly as the stars shine each darkened hour on this mysterious earth. Yet, as a true Indian warrior and son, I must not bring down upon myself and you the wrath of my father's people. Your fortune would be evil and we should be unhappy."

Ranawah, with every fiber of herself confident of her lover's wisdom and courage, agreed—"Let us try to make them see through our eyes."

Niwara went from her side that night with love for her deep in his heart and thoughts of how to possess her running through his mind. The night seemed endless to him as he tossed on his couch of skins. With the first trace of day, however, there came to him a possible solution to the question. Accordingly, that noon after the chief and his head men had finished their

mid-day meal, the boy presented to them his suggestion.

After much discussion, it was agreed that a peaceable challenge be made to the Powhatans. If they could grind for their neighbors 300 measures of corn meal between the appearance of the next new moon (approximately two weeks) they would cheerfully relinquish their hold on Niwara and would ceremoniously install him, with their blessings and good-will, in the winning tribe. The Mohegans had agreed to this plan for no other reason than because they knew well that it involved an impossible task.

With a singing heart Niwara went to his sweetheart and together they persuaded the Powhatans to accept the challenge. If they lost they would loose nothing; if they won they would have all. The tribe agreed because they wished to see this couple happy. When arrangements were being made, however, it was easily realized that the task was very improbable. Moreover, if every man, squaw, maiden, and child worked steadily for that length of time, it would still be impossible. There were not enough grinding bowls and implements to supply all the willing workers. Time was too short and valuable to start fashioning more.

Niwara possessed an unconquerable will and was determined to get what he desired—Ranawah for his bride and the good-will of his own tribe in the bargain. His quick mind conceived another idea, which he told immediately to the others.

Consequently, several groups of men and boys worked in shifts fashioning a bowl out of a huge boulder which was near the creek. Grinding, chiseling, and hammering went on without stop all night and all the next day. The Mohegans, having satisfied their curiosity as to the cause of the noise and commotion laughed mockingly at them for their waste of precious time. Yet in the meantime the women and children were getting the corn husks ready for the next process.

Finally, the masterpiece was completed. The Powhatans wondered themselves how everything would result. When the silver crescent appeared in the sky, the workers started in with a will. Everyone performed his steps in the process with a whole-hearted will and amiability. Like magic a load of husks at a time was thrown into the huge, deep pit of stone. Hours of continuous grinding with stone pummels resulted in ten measures of meal. Some time was spent in shoveling the meal out. The process was repeated twice in one day, averaging twenty measures each day. For fifteen days this work went on. It was indeed a record and created great admiration of them on the part of the neighboring tribe. The entire amount was checked up and found sufficient at the end of the allotted time.

A bridge was constructed by men from both tribes. The corn meal was carried across this bridge, which still stands as a common landmark of the two tribes. When the last bag of meal was carried over on the aching back of the chief of the Powhatans, himself, the Mohegan chief was there to meet him on the other side. They went straightway to the wigwam of the Mohegan chief and smoked the pipe-o-peace. Niwara secured that which he desired. In due time his marriage with Ranawah took place under the blessing and good-will of both tribes.

The next number of the Doleful Duo will be that leery little lyric entitled: "She tried to Wash the Baby in Lux, But He Shrank from it."

The maiden's prayer to her permanent wave: "Long live the kink."

"LAMENTATIONS OF A BEAVERITE"

1.
Folks think we don't have troubles
They think life goes along like a song,
But the joke is on the public!
And I'll show them where they're wrong.

2.
We get our weekly allowance
The first of every week,
But its spent before we get it
There's so many things we need.

3.
We hurry down to Wyncote
To stop and before we're through,
I'll tell you what we buy-and where
And exactly what we do.

4.
We first go to the drug store
To purchase some supplies,
Then to the cobblers up the street
To have our souls revived.

5.
At the drug store we get tooth-paste
Two bars of Ivory soap,
(It's best to use for bathing,
Because-you see-it floats).

6.
We buy a bar of face soap
A jar of cream—some rouge,
Some powder and some perfume
For ours has all been used.

7.
By that time we are hungry
And decide to have some food,
We trot up to the counter
And order something good.

8.
We get a coke and tasty-cakes
And—contented—devour these,
We end up with a chocolate cone
Then decide its time to leave.

9.
After we leave the drug store
And find we've five more nickels,
We go next door to Irwin's
For potato chips—and pickles.

10.
That night we climb into bed late
Exhausted—tired—and broke—
We have no pep-no money—
We wish that we could croak.

11.
Monday we get our Board notice
'Tis said we rode a smoker,
If we only had the girl that
squealed
How easy we could choke her.

12.
The teachers then decide to give
Exams—of course you know when,
I guess they must have heard about
This week-end dance at Penn.

13.
The next day being Tuesday
We put in our week-end card,
We need some recreation
We've been studying so darn hard.

14.
The maid comes up to get us
And of course we wonder why,
We find we've no late pers left
We're so angry we could fly.

15.
We then go to the phone to call
Evergreen 0100
And tell him of the sad plight
And he scolds us for the blunder.

16.
We hear from our best girl friend
Who goes to a co-ed,
She tells about their privileges
And of the new flame—Ted.

17.
She's been to this and that place
Without even signing out,
Oh well, we never liked her much—
She goes over—when men are about.

18.
Another thing that peeves us
And also cramps our style,
Is when "he" hasn't written
For a heck of a good long while.

19.
Of course he offers a lame excuse
We'll tell him a thing or two,
But the answer we send says,
"Dearest—
I'm sorry I doubted you."

20.
The thing that really matters
That makes us blue—and alone
Is when a number of days have
passed
And we haven't heard from Home.

21.
I think I've proven that College
Can either make or wreck
By the way there's a good show in
Philly—
Guess I'll write home for a check.

L. Grayce McConnell

THE WRECK OF THE OSPREY

How wild the yellow raging water
Breaking on the deck;
The evil dull foreboding sky
Lowering o'er the wreck;
The sullen booming of the surf
Upon the battered hull,
And soaring up above the scene,
A solitary gull
Slowly wings his lonely way
Across the angry sea,
Struggling with the sweeping wind,
Striving to be free.
Each hungry wave doth take its toll
From the stranded vessel,
Tearing it from limb to limb,
And with the mainspar wrestle.
Far better had it been, to in
Battle have it die
Than at the mercy of the sea,
Unknown, to have it lie.

Getha Kunze

A FEW LINES FROM SCHOOL

(With the best of grammar I could absorb from the English class.)

Dear Joe,
Me and a girl are the swellest
pals,
That is to say, we're regular gals.
We stick together thru all that's
right
And stand the slams of each
Beaverite.
When our darling room-mates
rave and soar
Expounding on the boys they've
fallen for,
(of course, one is "Spin" the,
other Dean)
We never demure, 'cause we
ain't mean.
But we hit for the Johnny or 333
And heave a sigh, for we are free.
Once in a while, Pal and I get
happy;
During "quiet hour" we feel
kinda sappy.
We giggle awhile, then burst
forth in song,
That is, 'til the proctor comes
along.
Then all our chords and trills fall
flat.
We're scared skinny, but we sit
pat.
The proctor enters and sees a
mouse,
And the three of us scream and
arouse the whole house.
Ah, Aunt Jane's Poll parrot grabs
the broom,
Kills that beast (the mouse) and
sends him to his doom.
Ugh! that bloody massacre before
our eyes.
Why, now the House President
hears our cries.
She strides down the hall, like
a warrior bold.
With one icy glance she makes
us cold.
Pal runs to her room; and I hit
my bed,
Say my prayers, and cover my
head.
"We sincerely wish, dear Lord,
the morrow might be Satur-
day—or one filled with more
jollity.

Yours in fun,
"Jenks."

Their meeting it was sudden.
Their parting it was sad.
She gave to him her young life,
The only life she had.

She lies beneath yon oak tree.
Her lips are silent now,
For that's what always happens
When a freight train hits a cow.

Some people are born dumb,
others acquire dumbness and others
take their overcoats off when
they're getting weighed and hold
them in their arms.)

Many Girls Mourn Passing of Susie

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

Crest. We wonder if Pierce will be present.

Lib. Kremer intends to keep the home fires burning. D. Dady will do the same.

Diack and Ginny Rose are going to New York. As Diack puts it, "You never can tell what may turn up." We can guess what she means.

M. Hays, S. Nagle and D. Cox are spending the week-end in Philadelphia.

D. Robson is going to N. Y. to meet Hardy for a matinee.

K. Crouse, chairlady of our Junior Prom, is taking I Halleron home to Perth Amboy with her. They are meeting about ten other Beaverites Saturday for tea at "Alice Footes MacDougals," in N. Y.

R. Household is going to East Orange with B. MacGahn. I sincerely hope that when they start ordering in their new dialect they will get something which they can eat.

Speaking of taking friends home, Mebs Apgar is hustling L. Calfee and R. Driscoll home to East Orange with her to meet the folks. M. Codner may visit Peg Parry on Friday. We hope she gets somewhere for the week-end.

What have we here for our last bit of tasty news? A. Robinson, A. Console, F. Console, M. Stanton, and the Lanzaras are spending the week-end between Newark and New York. The main feature of the trip is having Norma Lanzara and A Console carry the baks. (Which they tell me are going to be heavy). Miss Robinson will uphold the morale of the bunch. They plan to meet MacGahn and Household for dinner Saturday night. I can see a mental display of headlines in the N. Y. Times—Beaver Girls Wreck Place—

C. Stewart says, it is hard to foretell what I shall do if I ever get to Ardmore. Charlotte, it all depends with whom you are. Agree?

M. Smith is taking E. Rinkenberger and J. Ban with her for the week-end. More particulars will follow when they get back.

R. Foster is going to Morristown, where she will spend her time arguing with her sister as to who will use that perfectly knockout new car. (I forget just how many cylinders it possesses. But she informs me it has no knocks).

C. Wiles is going home to pauleboro. E. McHenry, having just returned from Trenton, is taking another hop off to good little Philadelphia.

B. Wiley and her room-mate, E. Jenkins (in spite of all they are still the best of friends) have accepted an invitation to spend the vacation in Norristown. Jenkins will no doubt return with ideas for more poetry. By the way girls, Jenkins has a perfectly divine way of entertaining after "lights out," with her guitar. Ask her to play for us in the Green Parlour some evening.

Before I bid you all a merry adieu, I warn you about that old college custom of collecting addresses and telephone numbers while you are all away. Yours for a memorable good time.

ODE TO GREY TOWERS

O tall and stately towers
Of greyest granite hewn
O'er which the cloud lowers
And shrill winds whistle soon
The mystery of the ages passed
The romance of medieval times
Is brought to life at last
In thy most beauteous lines.

B. Binney

MORE NONSENSE

Reckless Lady, Kay Spratt.
Death Takes A Holiday, Student Board attend a Play in Philadelphia. Blackbirds, Well?

Pleasure Bound, Any Week-end. Sweet Adeline, Saturday nights on leave.

Nobless oblige, What should be given to Seniors but isn't.

Candlelight, Is that necessary? Journey's End, Coca Cola.

GREY TOWERS NOTES

G. T. We want publicity. We have our rights. We want space. The Beaver News: Let's have it. Marge Walker, Mary Lou Buckner, Joy Sadler and Ginny Shelbing went skiing on the other side of Murphy Hall the other Snow day.

Esther Shadt and Ruth Friehofer were chatting in the lounge when they were suddenly interrupted by shrieks from "Eve" and "Jackie" over the time they were going to have at the end of the semester.

Dot Sterner, the Towers Basketball Champ was seen busily typing. The possibility of catching a little dirt in Franny Walker's was too tempting. A crowd descended upon her and the delicious food which belonged to "Oly." Franny was wearing her famous transparent velvet pyjamas.

Eloise Page is going home with Helen Fitzgerald.

Jo Horton is going home and is not returning.

Kay Spratt said that Bot Stover is bringing Chicago to Philadelphia. The Bailey's are attending a Prom at Annapolis.

Miss Ruth Fisher went home to Boyestown this week-end.

Miss Marie Barlow and Miss Helen Brown decided that they would take a look at the architecture at F. & M. this past week-end.

Miss Evangeline Goff spent the week-end at mid-year with her family in Atlantic City.

Miss Dorothy Rust motored home with the Misses Helen Margesson and Dorothy Hamming.

Miss Franzeka Walker attired in peach satin, informed the Inquiring Reporter that she hadn't decided where to spend the week-end or how.

Kay Spratt and Mary Louise Rosenbauer decided to do Philadelphia this week-end.

There is a brand new radio over at the Towers!

WITH PRESENCE OF MIND

It took a moment for Mr. Collins to realize the precarious position he was in. At first his heart had been filled with pity for the pilot, "Poor fellow," he had thought, "he has gone west." Never would Mr. Collins forget the shock of that moment when, sensing tragedy, he had glanced around to discover the slumped and inert form behind him in the plane.

Mr. Collins, realized that he was trapped in the little floating island of mechanism, suspended midway between heaven and earth. When he peered over the cockpit down at the field from which he had just risen for a flight to Boston, the passenger noticed that the ship was making a horizontal bank. Oh yes, Mr. Collins, groundsman that he was, actually knew about a horizontal bank, but he nearly confused it with a barrel roll or an Immelman turn or a side slip.

"Indeed," thought the stranded groundsman, "this can't go on. I must arrange to get out of here somehow." It did not seem unusual to Mr. Collins that the plane was miraculously making this perfect horizontal bank and that it kept to it. The passenger knew nothing of the strain on the frail wings or of the fatal effects of an air pocket or of a cross current. He did realize that the gas would not last forever, but he rather suspected that it would make not the slightest bit of difference, why should it?

This sudden panic was soon overcome when he remembered the flying field. Why, those people down there would help him out. So then Mr. Collins took time to formulate a course of action, for he felt sure that those aviators on the field would not know enough to do it themselves. Was Mr. Collins alarmed? Indeed, no! He kept a perfect presence of mind and conceived one of the most daring and radical plans imaginable. This done, he produced his pen and a note book. Carefully outlining his scheme he addressed it to the "Commanding Officer," and after assuring himself that it would not fall unnoticed, let it go.

The crowd sensing something

wrong in the circling plans, swarmed after the note and delivered it to the airport manager. The A. M. was amazed when he read it and he found himself in a delicate position. Some fool passenger who imagined himself greater than Newton, Einstein, Steinmetz and every one else of whom the A. M. could think, had compounded this remarkable plan. If the manager had had his way, the crazy groundsman could have crashed for all he cared. But there was the public. What a terrible rumpus they would make! There would be another inquiry forced upon the harassed officials and—and—well, it was just awful. Resignedly the A. M. set out to at least try the plan, but he would not let anyone else risk his life, oh no! Taking two of his best pilots, he ordered them to don parachutes and take off in two strong heavy planes, each trailing a long rope.

Up in his uncertain perch Mr. Collins was quite pleased with himself. He was keeping his presence of mind marvelously, thinking of everything and it was such a strikingly simple plan too. Why, most people would never have thought of it—most pilots, even. Perhaps—and Mr. Collins thrilled at the thought—that commanding officer down there, maybe even he was commending him upon it.

A dark shape loomed overhead. Looking up, the passenger saw the first plane with its rope neatly trailing on his right wing. He fumbled with the safety belt, loosed himself and clambored unsteadily out on the wing. Here he felt considerably less secure, but clutching at the strutting, he seized the snaky coil and fastened it securely. Soon the rope from the other plans was attached to the left wing, and Mr. Collins retired to the safety of the cockpit. Here he settled himself to wait for the motor to die. All of a sudden it came to him that it would be hours before this could happen, for he had seen the tank filled before the take off. He gazed perplexed, at the maze of controls and gadgets, then resolutely seized one and turned it. A rasping hiccup confirmed his choice—well he had expected it. As the propeller slowed down and stopped, he thought that the rest lay in the hands of those two above. A second time it came to him that his plan lacked yet another step to completion. With his usual presence of mind he thought a moment, then sent another note on its downward way.

Had the A. M. not been a sort of superman, he might well have run around in circles and torn his fair locks in sheer desperation. As it was, he read the second of this series of remarkable notes and prayed that there would be no more. This time a dirigible was called for. Well, the insane groundsman—the A. M. could think of no more depreciating expletive—probably meant a blimp or a balloon. An advertising blimp was on the field and this was soon enlisted.

It was not long before the still unperturbed Mr. Collins noted with satisfaction that the "baby dirigible" was slowly rising to the rescue, trailing two long, twisted coils. When it had finally reached its position above the trio and had after some expert maneuvering, trailed its two ropes on the runaway plane, the calm and collected passenger clambored once more onto the wings. Here he fastened the third and fourth ropes then released the two planes. It was a ticklish moment for those others while they kept to their trying formation but at last it was done and the two free planes darted away. The blimp, true to form, carefully lowered itself, and the plane made a perfect three point landing. Its escort, shifting its position, settled along side.

The A. M. was waiting. It had been a hectic experience for him and he muttered fervently what all other pilots were thinking, "groundsman rush in where pilots fear to tread."

Mr. Collins stepped down and was nearly lost in the milling crowd. He found himself in front of the airport manager. His heart swelled with pride at what he had accomplished. "The Pilot is in

there. Oh, by the way I forgot to tell you that he is dead. That's what the matter was, you know."

It was a moment before the A. M. could say anything. "You did save the plane," he conceded, "through your presence of mind,—but why," and he smiled, "did you forget about your parachute?"

"Oh, I do declare!" exclaimed Mr. Collins.

Getha Kunze

"Farewell Words of a Passer-on" "To You—Beaver"

I

I'm leaving Beaver College, and I can't say that I'm glad—

For the hours I've spent at Beaver are the happiest I've ever had.

I've broken rules—not many—and appeared before the Board, The only things I've missed while here were my Mother—and my Ford.

II

I've met some wonderful girls while here, from every state and clime,

Some true, and loyal; some odd ones, and some exceptionally fine.

It doesn't seem as though I'm leaving Beaver—for good—

I'll miss the friends I've made these years and I'd stay if I only could;

But I'll not forget you, Beaver, with your high ideals—and true—

And someday maybe I will send my children back to you!

L. G. McConnell

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?"

Silence reigned in the dimly lighted hall. Not a sound could be heard, except the hurried tread of my pen as I wrote anxiously on. At intervals of every few seconds I would glance cautiously about, first on one side and then on the other. My writing was becoming unreadable as I scribbled down the concluding lines. A whisper—another—and yet another—A shiver of fear and terror crept up and down by spine. For a brief moment I sat motionless. A door opened slowly. My nerves were shattered I wanted to scream. I dashed madly down the hall and into my room. Just in time—Lanzara shrieked "Quiet Girls," as I lay in a crumpled heap on my bed—my Mother's letter unfinished.

L. G. M.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Beaver without mules
Mrs. Z with blonde hair
The Hall sisters not scoring in a B. B. game
L. Rosenbower petite and cute
Steak for a Saturday lunch
Ginny Rose without her smile
H. Briedis, meek and retiring
Little (Norma) Lanzara not telling (?) jokes.
Alice Shepherd, a Physical Ed.
Cecce Tripp looking conscious
K. Spratt teaching kindergarten
Pudds Wells in a hurry
Mid Hays without her giggle
Marcia Williams without her walk (Just notice it)
A. Robinson without her Southern drawl
Sis Beaman without her drawl, turban, gloves and glasses.
Sterner slow on her feet
Peg Parry blase and sophisticated.
Dean Ryder being called smooth
F. Dyer without her fantastic dancing
B. McGahn playing a harp
F. Console not knowing how to dance
Every one in bed at 10.30
Mrs. Sutton being unable to meet her classes?
Gloria Clauss being unfaithful to "Al?"
Margaret Bitterman without her "cud?"
Beartrice Binney without her sensible shoes?
Dot Brown being very poised and calm?
Virginia Steinhardt flunking any course?